

HANNAH ELIAS'S FUNDS INTACT

Injunction to Tie Up Her Deposits in Various Banks Postponed at Her Lawyer's Request Until June 22.

SEVERAL INSTITUTIONS REPRESENTED IN COURT.

Platt's Attorney Says the Fiasco of District-Attorney Will Not Prevent Civil Action Being Pushed Vigorously.

The injunction proceedings by which John R. Platt seeks to tie up every dollar in any New York bank to the credit of Hannah Elias were adjourned to-day until June 22.

In anticipation of the appearance of Hannah Elias again, there was a surging crowd in the County Court House when the injunction proceedings by which Lyman E. Warren seeks to tie up any money the nee Elias may have in New York banks pending the trial of John R. Platt's suit to recover \$500,000, alleged to have been extorted from him by his dusky affinity, was called to-day before Justice Gierach.

Mrs. Elias was not present and neither was John R. Platt, as it was only a contention on the law.

Mr. Warren answered "ready," although it was No. 12 on the calendar and the 13th of the month, and despite the complete failure of the District-Attorney in the criminal proceedings.

James W. O'Connor, who conducted Mrs. Elias's defense before Magistrate O'Brien, did not appear. Washington Brauns answered for her.

Mr. Brauns said he had been leading a strenuous life for the past week. He asked for an adjournment until next week.

Wants to Confer with Client. "These papers were served upon my client in jail," said he, "and I have had little time to confer with her. Besides, I desire to present the testimony taken in the Magistrate's Court, and I have been unable as yet to secure a transcript of that testimony."

A dozen lawyers, each representing a bank or trust company, acted the part of listeners, offering no suggestion, and it was finally agreed between the lawyers to adjourn the hearing until June 22.

The appearance of attorneys for a dozen banks probably indicates that Mrs. Elias had accounts with that number of financial institutions. The suit has been discontinued as to about half of the 139 financial houses originally named in the Platt complaint, and probably fifty others might obtain a discontinuance as having none of the money alleged to have been extorted from old man Platt, should they deem it worth while. But an injunction forbidding them to pay out money they do not hold is hardly worth fighting.

Mr. Bierne, of the firm of attorneys for John R. Platt, said to-day that the fiasco in the District-Attorney's criminal proceeding against Mrs. Elias does not weaken the civil action of Mr. Platt to regain his money from the nee Elias and the case will be pushed vigorously.

BOY DIED UNDER SURGEON'S KNIFE

Seven-Year-Old Henry Kohl Had Gone to Harlem Hospital Dispensary to Be Treated for a Sore Throat.

Twelve minutes after seven-year-old Henry Kohl walked into the dispensary attached to Harlem Hospital to be treated for a sore throat to-day he was dead on the operating table. The little boy had a weak heart.

He was directed to the dispensary by his mother, who lives at No. 196 Second Avenue. When he entered Dr. Dempewolf, one of the attending surgeons, took his case. Dr. Dempewolf lives at No. 237 West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street.

"You are suffering from adenoid vegetation and hypertrophy of the tonsils, my little man," said the doctor. "We can fix you up in a jiffy."

Little Henry was etherized and the doctor went to work cutting out his tonsils. The right tonsil had been removed when the boy died without warning. All efforts to resuscitate him failed. Dr. Dempewolf caused word of the matter to be sent to his home. Neither Dr. Dempewolf nor any of those who assisted him in the operation could be found this afternoon.

BANK OFFICERS PLEAD.

Affairs of the First National, of Ashbury Park, Again in Court. (Special to The Evening World.) TRENTON, N. J., June 12.—George F. Kroehel, President of the First National Bank, of Ashbury Park, pleaded not guilty to the indictment found nearly a year ago charging him with making false entries in the books of the bank with the connivance of Albert C. Twining, also indicted for the same offense. Trial was set down for July 7.

Albert C. Twining, director of the same bank, also pleaded not guilty to certifying falsely in the bank's condition to the Controller of the Currency, and will be tried on the same charge.

TO BE A BRIDESMAID.

Miss Roosevelt to Attend Miss Whelan and Later Her Cousin.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—Miss Roosevelt left to-day for Philadelphia, where she will be bridesmaid at the wedding of Miss Whelan. She will afterward go to Hyde Park, N. Y., to be bridesmaid at the wedding of her cousin, Miss Helen Roosevelt.

SAV JEROME AND KNEES TREMBLED

Subordinates Report and Quake Before County Prosecutor, Fresh from Buzzing Wheels of Lakeville Clocks.

OFFICE SLATE LIST A REALLY SAD AFFAIR.

Sleuth Jacobs Worked Lightning Changes on His False Whiskers, but Ominous "Ha! Ha!" Was Chief's Only Reply.

District-Attorney Jerome arrived in his office to-day after a brief vacation at his summer home in Lakeville, Conn. As his first step rang through the corridor a sound as of the slow beginning and the furious progress of a game of skittles played with skulls and bones flickered through the reaches of the upper floors of the Criminal Court Building.

It was not skittles, however, but the quaking together of knees and the chattering of teeth of various young assistants district-attorneys and county detectives, rounded out with the nervous clattering of Sleuth Jacobs' quaking boots.

In Mr. Jerome's private office there was no sound above the throbbing thoughts of his rapid-fire brain, punctuated with the occasional ominous grinding of his teeth as he consulted the office slate and saw recorded.

"Hannah Elias Fiasco," "Monkey-Shinnyng of Sleuths About the Nelson Mansion,"

"The Desperate Exploit of Sleuth Jacobs in Digging Up a Canary's Corpse in Central Park,"

Based on Ominous Basis.

The slate slowly cracked up the middle as the tense features of the Public Prosecutor writhed themselves into a grim, grunting smile.

With a quick movement of both hands he pressed seven electric buttons and later there was felt through the building a vibrating sound of many thuds. This was caused by the alighting of sleuths and youthful assistants of the chief after leaping well into the air upon the snarling of the buzzers that summoned them to the Main Bureau.

With tremulous steps the file marched to the Chief Crime Studio and knocked timidly.

"Ha-ha," melted through the stoat oak door in awful accent, striking pallor to the faces of the trembling group in the ante-room.

Sleuth Jacobs removed the Russian lambskins that screened his face and substituted a pair of York City slippers.

Deputy Chief County Detective Boardman smote himself in the solar plexus to rouse his courage and knocked solemnly at the door in the same terribly sardonic tone.

"A silent holloa swayed on the left side of an assistant District-Attorney's head and he whispered:

"I believe he means for us to enter."

Entered in Fear and Trembling.

For a few seconds the file marked their steps as they entered the room and then they were open the door and marched before the presence.

"Ha-ha-ha," came to them in crushing greeting.

Jacobs adroitly clasped on a false nose to distract the terrible attention of the Chief.

Assistant District-Attorney Lord after a desperate effort managed to articulate faintly:

"He was an old, old man, sire."

The answering "Ha-ha" fell upon him as a blow, and he retired to the door, mumbling, "And he said Hannah came."

Sleuth Jacobs came next, and with a small pair of shears he deftly clipped the curls from the top of the man's head, and then he turned to the man and said:

"But it was a cold bird, Chief."

"Ha-ha-ha," burst forth in scornful answer. "He buried his wilted left arm against the door."

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NEW YORK'S CARRIE NATION

(By T. E. Powers.)



Some enterprising showman might turn a few dollars by erecting grandstands at convenient points when indications point to a Jerome raid.

DEAD MAN IN FRONT OF PRISONER

Body Put in the Corridor of the Station House, in View of Man Arrested for Murder.

Italians living in Columbia street, Brooklyn, have made every effort to hide the murder of Francisco Pete, of No. 143 Columbia street.

Pete and a man were seen in a heated quarrel at Columbia and Sackett streets, and later there was the sound of a pistol shot. At the same time a man was seen running down Columbia street.

Hearing the shot and seeing the man running, Policeman Daniel Gill, of the Hamilton avenue police station, ran after the man, and after a chase of several blocks overtook him. The man stopped and appeared to be in a high state of excitement.

Gill arrested the man, who gave his name as Dominick Donndoni and took him to the station house. The policeman then began to look over the district where the shot had sounded, and came upon the body of a man lying at Columbia and Sackett streets.

The body was taken to the police station, and there it was found that a bullet wound through the breast had caused death.

Thinking that Donndoni would be made weaker by the sight of the body of the man who was supposed to be his victim, the corpse was carried into the police station and placed in front of the cell in which the prisoner was held.

Donndoni was indifferent. He turned his head, and lying on the hard bench tried to sleep.

"Why did you shoot this man?" asked the police.

"What's it to you?" asked Donndoni. "It's gone of your business. Who said I shot him?"

"Who is this dead man?" asked the police.

"How do I know?" replied the Italian. All efforts to identify the dead man were futile until after several hours, when an Italian identified the man as Pete.

From the best information received the police say that the men quarrelled over jewelry, and that the shooting followed.

HETTY GREEN'S LUNCH COST HER JUST 8 CENTS.

BIG YACHT SINKS NO ONE ABOARD

The King Fish Mysteriously Founders During the Night After Being Towed to Anchorage Off Bay Ridge.

The sixty-foot sloop yacht King Fish is resting on the bottom of the bay off Stein's Beach, Bay Ridge, her mast sticking only a few feet above the surface, a short distance to the south and the steamer Ivan Ray docks at anchor, her captain and crew watching expectantly the progress of an argument between William Thistle, of Keyport, N. J., and Frederick Martin, of No. 56 East One Hundred and Seventeenth street, Manhattan.

Martin owned the yacht until Saturday night, when he sold her to Thistle. After the sale she was taken in tow by the Ivan Ray and pulled down the bay until opposite Stein's Beach, where she was moored to a buoy and left adrift. No one was on her.

Some time during last night the King Fish quietly sank. There is no hole in her, nor any breach to account for her filling with water and going down.

When Mr. Thistle learned that his purchase had sunk before he had acquired possession, he denied that he owned her. Mr. Martin, whom he met aboard the Ivan Ray, which had steamed down to look the foundered craft over, urged Mr. Thistle to persuade himself that he was the rightful owner of the ill-fated sloop.

"The bill of sale," here Mr. Thistle caught himself and with positive emphasis contended that as the boat never had actually been delivered to him he could not be held to his contract.

"If she hadn't sunk you would have said she was yours," thundered Martin.

"But she did sink," retorted Mr. Thistle conclusively.

Here the interference of the captain of the Ivan Ray forestalled an encounter, but the argument on ownership went on with growing heat on both sides until several smaller craft gathered about the little steamer, hoping for a little development.

Reports the contention was still in progress, while the little sloop was left to her fate beneath the white cap.

ABNER MCKINLEY BURIED.

Senator Fairbanks One of the Mourners at the Funeral.

CANTON, O., June 12.—The remains of Abner McKinley reached here to-day and were taken from the train to the residence of Mrs. Ida S. McKinley, the home of the late President, where until noon they were viewed by friends and relatives. Besides members of the immediate family and the sisters and other relatives of the deceased from Cleveland, Senator Charles V. Fairbanks, of Indiana, was here for the funeral. It stopped at the residence of Justice Day.

Short services were held at the house at 2 o'clock. Rev. Charles W. Holmes, of the First M. E. Church, officiating, after which the body was taken to West Lawn Cemetery and laid to rest in the McKinley family plot.

SLAYER CHOKED HER WITH HIS HANDS

John Klinois to Be Arrested on Arrival in Europe Charged with Knowing Something of Mrs. Trejasak's Murder.

When John Klinois, a Hungarian, bound for Europe in the steerage of one of the ocean liners arrives on the other side, he will be arrested and charged with knowing something of the murder of Mrs. Marie Trejasak. He will be brought back to this country to stand trial.

The police of New Jersey have learned that Mrs. Trejasak was strangled to death at her home on a bluff overlooking the Kill von Kull, for money she had. She and her husband were saving persons and often kept as much as \$1,000 in the house at a time. Last Thursday morning the husband took all the money in the house except \$50 and deposited it.

Klinois, according to statements made to the police, went to the Trejasaks house last Friday evening while the husband, who was employed in the oil refinery, was away from home. There were boarders in the house also, but it is said that Klinois sailed up the Kill von Kull in a black sailing vessel. There are those who say that there were men in the vessel with him.

Neighbors heard the Trejasak baby crying and entered the house. They found the husband and father came home in the evening. A careful search then revealed the body of the woman concealed under the bed.

A superficial examination led to the theory that Mrs. Trejasak had been strangled with a rope. This theory was disapproved later when physicians decided that a man had murdered her with his bare hands, choking her to death. Mrs. Trejasak was a woman of such strength that it is not believed one man could have accomplished her murder alone.

EXPLOSION ON BRIDGE CAR.

Cross-Circuiting of Wires Causes Slight Panic.

Half way across the Brooklyn Bridge during the rush hours to-day the crossing of wires in the controller house caused an explosion. Flames and smoke followed and the passengers jumping out of the roadway.

The explosion set fire to the woodwork of the roadway. A hose was manned from the New York tower and the flames extinguished.

The car following pushed the disabled vehicle to the New York end, after a delay of twenty minutes. No one was injured.

STEAMER DAMAGED AT SEA.

Liver Hamburg Reports Pennell Had Hudder Broken.

The Hamburg-American line steamer Pennell, which arrived here Sunday, reports that on June 10, at 6:20 P. M. when in lat. 46:34, long. 14:31, she passed the German steamer Pennell, of Shields for Philadelphia, with rudder damaged.

The Pennell signalled she did not require any assistance.

SUICIDE CLUB MAN KEPT PACT

Man Who Registered at Morton House as "George Wagner, Bridgeport," Puts Bullet in His Brain.

A mysterious stranger who has been loitering about the corridors of the Morton House for several days committed suicide in a room in the hotel to-day by sending a bullet through his brain.

The man, who was about sixty years of age, of florid complexion and well dressed, first listed the hotel on Friday night. He took a room, registering as "George Wagner, Bridgeport," and hung about all night as though expecting to meet somebody. Again Saturday night he went to the hotel, but did not take a room. Last night he registered again as George Wagner, of Bridgeport, and paid for his room with a five mark note. He said he would redeem the money in the morning, but that German money was all he had then.

Early to-day a chambermaid getting no answer to repeated knocking on the door had a porter force the lock. The man was found on the bed undressed, with a bullet hole through the temple. A five-chamber revolver of antique pattern was found on the bed beside him.

The man was quickly summoned for the man, but he was dead. A further search of the room revealed a second revolver. As this revolver was loaded but out of order and the man's mouth was cut, it is believed that he first tried to use it and shoot himself through the roof of the mouth, but failing to do so, he turned the revolver on his brain to give a clue to the identity of the man.

BELONGED TO SUICIDE CLUB IN BRIDGEPORT.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 12.—George Wagner was a wealthy German resident of this city. His wife and two daughters, having been informed by neighbors that he was seriously ill, in New York to-day looked up the house and went to that city. Mr. Wagner was a jeweler by trade, but for years had been proprietor of Deutsches Gasthaus here. He owned much real estate and was prosperous and had been in good health.

Mr. Wagner was the moving spirit of a club of well-known German residents first organized as a "Thirteen" club. Later on it was changed to a "Suicide" club. The club's purpose was to die by suicide. That gave rise to the report that this was a suicide club, which was later refuted by the fact that the club was a social organization and that its members were not to be one member left, who is a jeweler here.

PRINCE RECEIVES RIIS.

COPENHAGEN, June 12.—Jacob A. Riis, the author, and Mrs. Riis, of New York, were received to-day by the Danish Crown Prince Frederick who expressed much interest in American affairs. He said Europe was entirely satisfied that President Roosevelt's influence was strong for international peace.

KILLED HIMSELF IN CENTRAL PARK

Herman Haehnel, of Monroe, N. Y., Ends His Life by Swallowing Mixture of Oxalic and Carbolic Acids.

BODY IS FOUND UNDER TREE NEAR DUCK POND.

Victim Left Letters to Wife and Children Begging Their Forgiveness—Suicide Identified by New York Acquaintance.

Herman Haehnel, forty-five years old, of Monroe, N. Y., manager of the Monroe Cheese Company, ended his life in Central Park near the duck pond, on the west side of the Ramble, to-day by drinking a mixture of carbolic and oxalic acids.

The body of the man was first seen by a dog, who notified Police Constables and King, of the Central Park squad. They searched for an hour before they finally found the man propped up against a hedge of California privet, hidden behind a clump of bushes.

His arms were outstretched wide apart and on one side of him was a bottle that had contained carbolic acid, on the other a box still partly filled with oxalic acid. Between the bottle and the box was another bottle in which he had mixed the two poisons.

A short time after the body had been taken to the Arsenal it was identified by Adolph Tode, of Sixty-first street and Third Avenue. Tode said that Haehnel was well known throughout the cheese trade in this city. He did not know of any motive for the suicide, unless it was that the man had gambled away all his money.

A search of the dead man's clothing brought to light five pawn tickets and three checks for a total of \$100. The pawn tickets showed that on June 9 he had pawned two watches, one for \$10 and the other for \$50.

PREFERRED DEATH RATHER THAN JAIL

Man Who Threatened to Shoot Girl Who Jilted Him Drank Carbolic Acid When Pursued by a Policeman.

Rather than be captured after he had threatened the life of his sweetheart and his rival with a revolver, Fred Falter, of No. 272 East One Hundred and Second street, drank carbolic acid when a pursuing patrolman all but had him at Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street. He died at the Harlem Hospital.

Falter met the girl and the man who had won her from him in front of No. 20 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street yesterday. When she refused to return to him he drew a revolver and deliberately fired at her, prepared to kill her. The girl's screams drew the attention of Policeman Kreutzer. Falter ran up Third Avenue. When he got to One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street he turned and saw that his capture was a certainty. He took his revolver from his pocket and the policeman, expecting to be fired at, drew his aid held it ready.

But the fleeing man had apparently decided to shoot himself. After running half a block with the revolver aimed at his own head his nerve gave away, for he threw the revolver to the ground and again tried to get away from Kreutzer. The policeman hung to his heels, and at One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street was about to grasp his shoulder when the man flung a bottle of carbolic acid to his lips and drank it. He stumbled and fell like a bull.

Kreutzer called an ambulance. Dr. Krausnick worked over him, but the man died. The woman, who is Rose Snyder, of No. 206 East One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, was a constant sufferer. She became a nervous wreck and was easily aggravated. Her husband, Joseph Brown, who is a boss decorator and plasterer, provided every comfort for her.

During a late dinner yesterday at the Brown home Mrs. Olive O'Brien, a sister of Mrs. Brown, joked Mrs. Brown over the quality of the dinner. Mrs. Brown rose from the table, and entering the kitchen drank the contents of a bottle of carbolic acid in diluted form. She sank into a chair without a moan.

Her husband, several minutes later, wondering at his wife's absence, investigated and found her unconscious. A hurried call for medical attendance brought two ambulances from the J. Hood Wright and Harlem Hospitals.

Mrs. Brown was dead when the surgeons arrived. Her death was a surprise. Former Jackson granted the burial permit. Mrs. Brown was thirty-five years old, was the mother of a boy two and a half years old and a seven-months-old infant.

ANGRY OVER JEST WOMAN ENDS LIFE

Because of Her Sister's Joking Remark About Quality of Her Dinner Nervous Young Mother Takes Carbolic Acid.

Since the birth, seven months ago, of her child Catherine, Mrs. Catherine Brown, of No. 58 L Street, was a constant sufferer. She became a nervous wreck and was easily aggravated. Her husband, Joseph Brown, who is a boss decorator and plasterer, provided every comfort for her.

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KNIFE STABS CAUSED DEATH

Oscar Pomeroy Howe, the Old Schoolmaster of Greenwich Village, Succumbs to His Injuries in Roosevelt Hospital.

CUT HIMSELF TWICE WITH BUTCHER KNIFE

Worried Great Deal About His Inactivity and Feared He Was Going Insane—Went to Bathroom to Kill Himself.

Oscar Pomeroy Howe, seventy-four years old, who for fifty years was a school teacher in the public school at Thirtieth and Greenwich streets, died in Roosevelt Hospital to-day from stab wounds he inflicted on himself in his home, No. 68, Eighth Avenue, on Wednesday last.

For the last ten years, until he was retired on a pension in 1902, Mr. Howe was known as "The Old Schoolmaster" throughout Greenwich Village. He was appointed a school teacher in the old Thirtieth street school in 1852, and served there continuously until the day of his retirement on a pension. Then he was vice-principal of the school.

For the past two years the old man had worried a great deal about his inactivity, and his wife, Clara, who is but two years younger than her husband, began to feel alarmed about his mental strength.

The old man remarked to his wife on Wednesday that it was the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. This seemed to trouble him greatly and he said to his wife:

"I feel very queer. I am afraid that I am going insane."

She managed to calm him, and a little later he went into the bathroom to shave. When he had not returned in half an hour his wife went to the door and found it locked. She called, but received no response. Then she went out and summoned Policeman Eastman, of the West Forty-seventh street station. The policeman forced the door and found the man lying on the floor, bleeding from two great stab wounds in his side. He had inflicted the wounds with a butcher's knife.

Dr. Zimmer took the injured man to the Roosevelt Hospital, but he never regained consciousness and died early to-day. He was a veteran of the Civil War. He enlisted in the Union Army from his home in Mount Pleasant, O., and rose from the ranks to be a captain.

WOMAN SHOT BY NEW YORKER

Chicago Widow, Attacked in Her Home, Probably Fatally Wounded by Man, Who Was Arrested.

CHICAGO, June 12.—Nathan Weinbart, said to be a travelling salesman, whose home is in New York, shot and probably fatally wounded Mrs. Marie Harris, a widow of this city, to-day.

Jealousy is believed to be the motive. Weinbart was arrested before he could escape from the house in which the crime was committed.

GAS VICTIM HAD \$13,000.

Money Found in Belt Around His Waist by Hospital Nurses.

CHICAGO, June 12.—Unconscious with \$12,000 in cash fastened in a belt around his waist, Henry Luterman was to-day found in a boarding-house bedroom in which gas was escaping from an open tank. Luterman, who was a stranger to the boarding-house people, was taken to the Alexian Brothers Hospital.

On searching at the hospital for a clue to his identity the Brothers uncovered \$2,500 in gold and \$10,000 in paper money tucked away in a leather belt. Luterman is said to be an agent for a Milwaukee publishing house. The escape of gas is attributed to an accident.

SISTER'S TRICK. But All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale.

"It was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength because for a fleeting moment it stimulated my weakened powers. I mocked at Postum, and would have none of it."